

# A Tour of Remaker Industries

An entry for the “10 Years of Remaker” contest

Story by Allen Red

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This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental. All characters in this story are 18 and over. Warning, this story takes place in Demon-man's Legends of Belial Universe. Expect inhumanly bizarre sexual changes.

*Tags: dollification, objectification, latex, robot, statue, body modification, forniphilia, inanimate, petplay, mermaid, permanent*

Stacy tried not to look around as she slumped in the hard plastic chair of the visitor center and waited for her appointment. She was having second thoughts about being here, but it wasn't like she had anywhere else to go. The employer Stacy had dedicated the last ten years of her life to had gone belly up unexpectedly, leaving her with no social life, no prospects for finding replacement employment, and no final paycheck. A week of trying to drown her spirits in porn and alcohol had led Stacy here, and if things went as planned, she wouldn't be leaving.

The front door to the visitor center chimed and reflex made Stacy look up to see the new arrival. A pair of young women walked in, arm in arm, looking similar enough to be sisters but barely old enough to be out of high school. They marched up to the front desk and proclaimed to the receptionist in echoing unison, "We're here for the 8 o'clock volunteer tour of Remaker Industries. Are we in the right place?"

The receptionist's low energy levels were not charged by the pair. She directed them to sit in a chair and wait for their tour guide. To Stacy's horror the dark-haired women chose to sit by her, one on either side.

"We're so excited to be here." The woman on Stacy's left said. "Aren't you?"

"I'm Terri." Said the one on the right. "And she's Sherri. What's your name?"

With no other choice but be social, Stacy replied, "I'm Stacy."

"I knew a Stacy once. Biggest natural tits I've ever seen." Said Terri.

"I remember her." Sherri added. "Her pussy tasted like vanilla ice cream."

"How would you know? You've only been licking mine for the last four years."

Stacy was getting uncomfortable with where this conversation was heading. "I take it you two aren't sisters then?"

Sherri reached around Stacy's back to put her arm around Terri. "Nope. Just best friends, lesbian lovers, and CrossFit partners. Though we're hoping being here will help us get even closer."

Stacy was saved from trying to come up with a response by the door into the facility opening. The figure that stepped through was unlike anything Stacy had ever seen before, at least in person. There had been a lot of Dolls in the porn that had led her to this place. Capital D Dolls, living feminine sex toys of metal or rubber designed to play on the desires of rich and the kinky. Definitely not something a child would play with.

This one reminded Stacy of one of the fertility idols she studied during history class back in high school. Something about the impossibly wide hips, or the basketball sized breasts straining against the parody of a lab coat she wore, or the head that was a featureless sphere save for the red circular tunnel where a human's mouth would have been. Other than that

single splash of red, the Doll was pure white from her crown down to the tips of her ballet boot heels.

“All those here for the 8 AM tour, please line up before me.” The Doll proclaimed. While feminine, the voice had a mechanical timber and seemed to echo from the two tiny lab coat pockets located over where the Doll’s nipples should have been.

Sherri and Terri grabbed Stacy by the respective arm and nearly dragged her into the first spot in line. “I’m Sherri and this is Terri.” The woman on Stacy’s left inclined her head at her lover on Stacy’s other side.

“And with us is Stacy.” The one on the right added.

The Doll made a few check marks on the clipboard she held and gestured for the trio to strand aside. There were two other women standing behind them. A mid-twenties redhead who looked about as uncomfortable to be there as Stacy felt, and a brunette in her mid-forties whose curvy figure was showing the first sign of sag. As their names were checked off Stacy learned the nervous girl was named Erika and the MILF was Misty.

“It seems everyone is present.” The Doll said, checking off the last name on her list. “My name is Dr. Janis Dahl and I am the lead researcher for Remaker Industries’ Experimental Application Division.”

“Doctor Doll?” Sherri interrupted. “Like you turned yourself into a sexy doctor doll and renamed yourself to match?”

“D-A-H-L.” Dr. Dahl replied, sounding a little annoyed. “I was already employed here when I met my husband. We’d been dating for six months before I learned his last name and he learned where I was employed. We were already in love at that point, so we chose to view it as a sign that the universe wanted us to be together rather than cosmic irony.”

It was Terri’s turn to ask a question. “But you’re a Doll. Why are you acting like a normal person?”

“I’d hardly consider myself a normal person, I doubt you’d find anyone working in this building who the outside world would consider normal. But you are correct, I am not a standard Doll. I was one of the prototype testers for the part-time Dollification procedure. For eight hours a day, while I’m at work, I’m my old, studios, smart self. The rest of the time, I’m just as brain dead and sex starved as the rest of my sisters. Now, unless you have any further questions, it’s time to get this tour started.”

Without waiting to see how the group would react, Dr. Dahl turned and started walking back the way she’d come. The five potential volunteers rushed to follow after her. On the other side of the doorway the corridor split in two. The door to the left had the traditional male stick figure icon, while the one on the right contained a female stick figure in a skirt. Dr. Dahl let the group through the latter door.

“Strip, and put your belongings into one of the lockers.” The tour guide ordered. “If you decide you don’t wish to join us, then they will be returned on the way out. Otherwise, they will be donated to a nearby shelter.”

There was no privacy in the changing room and the thought of getting naked in front of all these strangers brought a heat to Stacy’s cheeks. But Sherri and Terri were already down to their underwear, Misty had pulled off her shirt, and even Erika had started unbuttoning her pants. Stacy closed her eyes and concentrated on her end goal. If she did end up converted, she’d likely spend all her time naked or nearly so. Getting undressed now was probably some sort of test. Besides, it would only be for a few minutes, until she could put on what was in... “Umm, Dr. Dahl. There’s no clothing in the locker.”

If the Doll had visible eyes, Stacy imagined she’d be rolling them. “Of course not, the lockers are for storing clothes, not retrieving them.”

“Then what are we supposed to wear inside?”

Another unseen eyeroll. “Nothing. All unconverted females are forbidden from wearing clothing inside this facility. The rule applies to both employees and guests.”

“You’re telling me half your workforce runs around without clothes on?” Erika asked, clearly as stunned at this revelation as Stacy.

“Seventy-five percent of Remaker Industries employees are female.” Dr. Dahl explained. “Most opt for permanent synthtex coatings after the first few weeks or are converted into functional Dolls like myself. Only a handful of employees decide to remain naked full time.”

“Come on, it will be fun.” Terri, now fully naked, showed Erika as much personal space courtesy as she had earlier.

“We’re here to get remade into sex objects.” Sherri added, coming up from the other side to start tugging off Erika’s shirt. “And sex objects shouldn’t be modest.”

Stacy begrudgingly admitted that Sherri had a point and started shucking her own clothes before the lesbians decided she was moving too slowly and “helped.” Five minutes later, all five women stood naked and waiting for what came next. Erika and Misty both covered their breasts and crotches while Sherri and Terri flaunted their assets. Stacy was halfway in between, arms at her sides. Why hide what others were going to see soon anyway?

Dr. Dahl came around and handed each woman a thin metal collar. As the group affixed them around their necks, the tour group explained, “These collars are how all non-converted females are tracked throughout the facility. They will either be removed on your way out or shortly before you are converted. Until then, they will remain locked on. This is for your own protection, as the collars contain your identity data. We wouldn’t want any of you to get accidentally remade before the paperwork was signed, would we?”

There were a few moments of awkward silence before Dr. Dahl continued, “If you’ll follow me, we’ll begin the tour with the largest section of Remaker Industries, the Doll Division.”

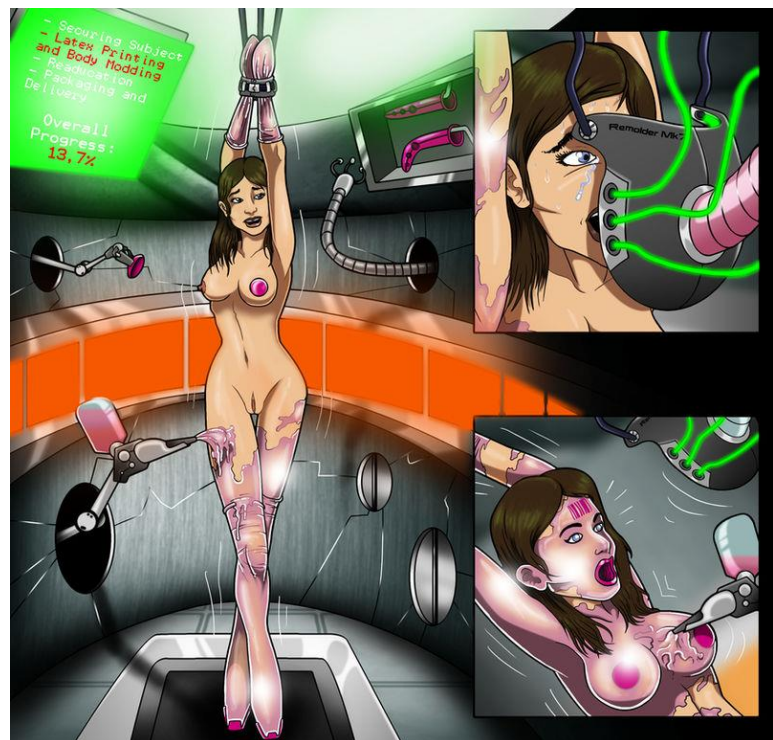
Out the other end of the locker room, Dr. Dahl led her charges down a corridor with large number *1s* and *Doll Division* stamped on the wall. As they walked, she explained, “Doll conversions are Remaker Industries first and most popular product. They compose about 60% of the company’s sales in a given year. Given the sterile nature of the remaking process, we won’t actually be entering the factory floor. Instead, I’ll be taking you to a viewing chamber.”

Dr. Dahl led the group up a flight of stair and into a room labelled *Conversion Viewing Chamber*. Inside were a dozen padded chairs, arranged in a semi-circle around a large screen. Dr. Dahl gestured for the volunteers to sit while she went over and fiddled with a console in the corner.

A moment later the screen came to life, revealing a spherical metal chamber. A woman was standing inside, looking around nervously. Like the volunteers she was naked, though the collar around her neck had been removed. On the wall behind the woman was a monitor which the remolding process was being tracked.

“The first conversion I’ll show you is the most basic. Our latex Doll conversion coats the subject’s body in a specialized, nanite infused latex material that bonds permanently to organic tissues.”

Without warning, mechanical arms dropped down from the ceiling, grabbed the woman’s wrists, and pulled them above her head. As she struggled on tip-toe, more mechanical arms appeared from the walls. Some were armed with sprayers and began misting pink latex across the woman’s legs. Another pair carried small pink disks that they clamped over the woman’s breasts.



*Figure 1 Latex Doll Conversion*

“For our lowest cost Dolls,” Dr. Dahl continued. “The mind is fully erased and replaced with a simplified set of commands depending on the type of doll manufactured.”

A faceplate with a very phallic protrusion where the mouth would be descended toward the woman's face. She tried to tilt her head away, but her range of motion was restricted by her bound arms, which were already coated in latex down to the elbow.

"Is she...crying?" Erika asked, just before the faceplate slid into place. Stacy had caught the trail of moisture too before the metal interface covered half the woman's head.

"Possibly." Dr. Dahl remarked dispassionately. "Most of the feedstock use for this conversion are criminal volunteers. Rather than spend decades in prison, they give up their humanity to become objects." The tour guide tapped a few buttons on her console. "Here we go. Subject K89652. Convicted on second degree murder, chose to become a Doll rather than serve out her sentence. A choice she possibly regretted in her last moments, before her personality was erased."

While the faceplate and its glowing blue and green cables went about reshaping the woman's mind, the mechanical arms continued to work on her body. Large, phallic tubes were inserted into the woman's pussy and ass, the hoses connected to them swaying as liquid was pumped in at high pressure.

"The latex layer isn't only external." Dr. Dahl continued. "The liquid used inside seals the reproductive organs, simplifies the digestive tract, and remolds both orifices to be extremely pleasurable to penetration."

A few minutes later the tubes pulled free, leaving gaping red rings like a sex doll behind. By this point 80% of the woman's body had been covered in pink latex. The sprayers were taking extra time on her breasts, increasing the woman's bust by at least two sizes under all the layers.

The mind reprogramming faceplate disengaged, revealing that a layer of latex had covered the woman's face as well. Her mouth was red ringed circle like her lower holes, while her eyes no longer showed any fear. A bar-code had been stamped across her forehead.

While the sprayers covered the woman's shoulder length brown hair in pink goo, Dr. Dahl tapped at the console again. "This concludes the base conversion that all Latex Dolls undergo. She will now be subject to additional modification based on what type of product she is destined to be." A few more taps. "It seems she was selected to become a *Dark Princess* Doll. Quite popular with young men into fantasy settings."

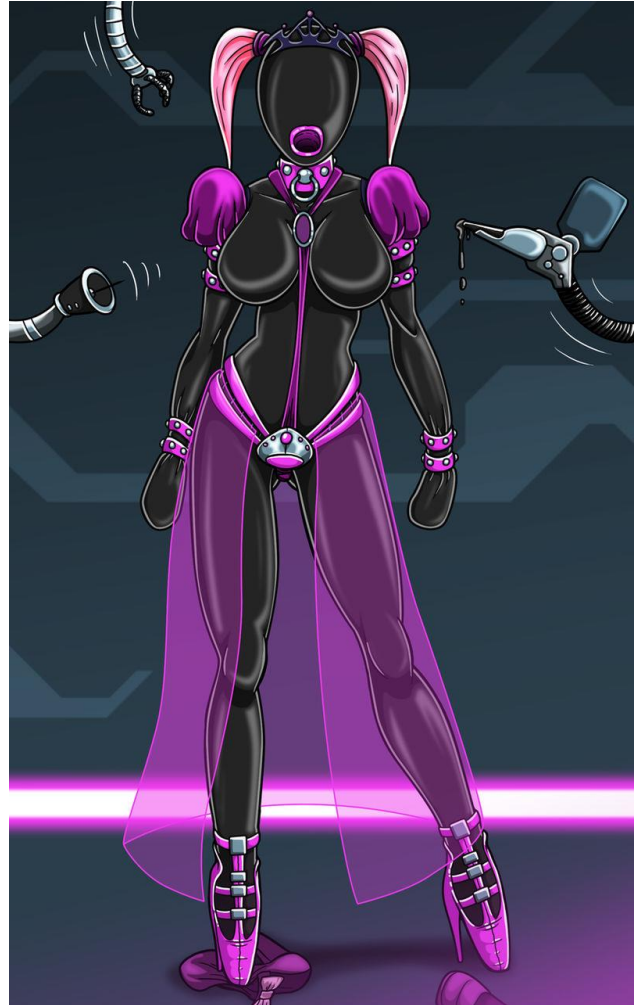
The pink latex sprayers retracted, to be replaced a moment later by others carrying black latex. As they began coating the Doll's entire body, more arms carried over a pair of thin tubes. First one hand, then the other were placed inside their respective tubes, leaving stump-like appendages that were sealed in place by a double set of chrome studded pink leather bands. More studded pink leather clothing was applied as the black latex skin dried. The Doll's feet were forced into pink stiletto heels, while a chastity device with gauzy leg coverings was

wrapped around her hips. Pink fuzzy pauldrons were glued over her shoulders, while additional leather bands went around each upper arm.

The last piece was a spherical hood that was pressed into place around the Doll's head. The only openings were for the twin pink pigtails in the back and a round mouth-hole in the front. A black crown was already attached to the top and the hood was secured in place by a thick pink collar with a D-ring hanging from the center stud.

"And there you have it. Subject K89652 is now Doll LD-DP-302."

Stacy looked down and realized she'd been fondling herself while she watched the poor prisoner get remade into a Doll. She glanced to the side and saw that Sherri and Terri were now sharing a chair, making out as they watched the Doll march out and a new woman take her place. To Stacy's left, Misty seemed to be comparing her bust size to that of the next remaking subject, while Erika looked a little green.



*Figure 2 Completed Dark Princess Doll*

Before the group could watch the process repeat, Dr. Dahl adjusted the console and a new image appeared. This camera showed a cylindrical section of glass, two feet high and four across.

"The other primary type of Doll conversion we do here at Remaker Industries is the robot doll. The process is more complex than the Latex Doll but replacing all the organic components provides more base customization options."

As Dr. Dahl finished speaking, the sound of footsteps could be heard from off screen. Two figures appeared, coated in orange latex and with their faces concealed by heavy gas masks. Drones, Dr Dahl informed the group, the semi-converted employees that made up the bulk of the company's workforce. Between the Drones was an unconverted woman who did not look happy about what was going to happen to her.

"I changed my mind." The woman screamed. "Take me to prison. Double my sentence, I don't care. Just don't turn me into a mindless thing."





*Figure 3 Robot Doll Conversion in Progress*

difference was the monitor on the far wall, stating that draining was about to commence. Bubbles appeared in the top of the liquid before the level began to slowly lower. The nanite solution seemed to stick to the converted Doll's body, making it appear more like the swamp thing than a sex doll when the liquid finally drained away. A different, clear liquid rained down next, revealing the robotic body underneath. The Robot Doll had black metal plates on her lower legs that mimicked high heels, and red glowing lines that ran up her body from knees to shoulders. A red hourglass charging logo covered where her belly button had once been, shaded by a pair of stupendously large and tear-drop shaped breasts. The Robot Doll's face had black lips and eyeshadow accenting a cute face framed by hair the color of copper wire.

"Sometimes, our subjects get cold feet when about to undergo their conversions." Dr. Dahl explained as the Drones, ignoring the woman's pleas, dumped her in the middle of the cylinder, which began to rise up from the floor. "It is one reason why this tour is mandatory, to ensure you are fully away of what is going to happen to you. For once you sign the paperwork, you abandon your human rights and become property of Remaker Industries to do with as we wish."

By the time the woman struggled back to her feet, the cylinder had sealed itself around her. She screamed and banged on the glass, but it was thick enough that all sound was muffled. As the Drones disappeared offscreen, silver liquid began to drip from the top of the cylinder. The woman tried to escape from under it, but soon she was buried under a torrent of silver. The tank continued to fill until the woman's thrashing could no longer be seen.

"I'm afraid there isn't much to see for the next hour, so I'm going to skip to another tank that is ready to discharge."

There was a blip on the screen as the image shifted to an identical cylinder filled with silver liquid. The only



*Figure 4 Robot Doll Conversion Complete*



“Much like with our base Latex Dolls, the Robot Dolls feature a full personality wipe. However, their minds are fully replaceable afterward. We have over two dozen standard options to choose from, ranging from maid to dominatrix to sex bot. It’s even possible to record the subject’s mind before conversion, creating a modifiable version for the Robot Doll. For the customers who chose this option, common modifications include bi-sexuality, nymphomania, and specific fetishes. In this case it appears that the subject’s mind was not retained and a simple dominatrix program was loaded instead.”

The group watched the cylinder open and the Robot Doll walk away before Dr. Dahl went back to fiddling with the console. “The last thing I wish to show you isn’t a conversion in itself, but a predecessor step.”

The robot conversion room faded away, replaced by a large open space filled with dozens of glass cylinders. The camera zoomed in on the nearest one, where two women floated, seemingly asleep. They were naked save for the breathing apparatus over their faces and waste removal tubes at their crotches.

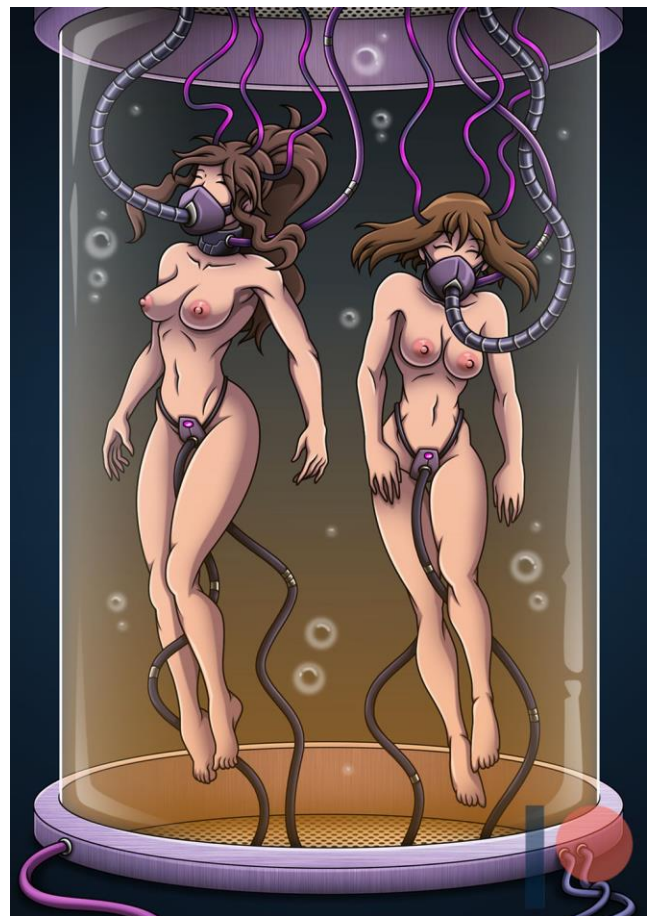
“Not all subjects come to us with bodies suitable for conversion. They could be overweight, have health complication, or, in the case of these two, be the wrong gender. Nanites in the water make slower bodily changes than the process you just saw, but can be used for more complex and customized work.”

“What are those wires sticking out of their heads?” Misty asked.

“Ah, I was about to get to that. The other benefit of the tanks is that it allows us to do more nuanced mind manipulation than just the simple mind wipe and replacement done on the basic Dolls. We can add or remove skill-sets, languages, memories, pretty much everything you can think of and more.

“Pun intended?” Ask Sherri, smirking.

Dr. Dahl ignored the joke. “In the case of these two wanna-be Casanovas, they are set to be converted into a pair of French Maid Latex Dolls. But first, their



*Figure 5 Pre-Conversion Tank*

understanding of the English language is being entirely removed and replaced with a French language package. The rest of their memories are being selectively edited to remove bad habits and instill the maid related skills they'll need for their new lives. It looks like the process is nearly complete, they should end up in one of the conversion rooms tomorrow or the day after at the latest."

With that, the screen on the wall turned off and the lights rose. Stacy looked around and realized that some-time during the presentation Sherri and Terri had ended up in a single chair, hands under each other's skirts. Misty was blushing and fondling her large breasts, while Erika was just red faced. Stacy wondered what it said about her that she was the least affected by the dolling procedures.

Dr. Dahl said nothing about the tour group's lewd reaction, mere guiding her flock out of the viewing room and back downstairs. "The next section of the facility we will be visiting is our Petification Division." Dr. Dahl explained as she led the group with a pair of swinging doors with a large 2 painted on them. "We started this Division doing upgrade mods to existing Doll products."

The group pushed through another set of doors and onto a factory floor half the size of a football field. A conveyer system snaked its way through it, with Dolls of different designs standing at ten-foot intervals along its belt.

"Some of our pet upgrade stock comes from basic Doll models that don't sell. Others are brought in by their owners looking to add something new to their favorite toy."

Dr. Dahl stopped the group by one of the Dolls on the belt. She looked almost human, if you ignored the unnaturally big breasts, tiny waist, and huge hips. The Doll was naked save for copper colored hair that fell nearly to butt, but stared ahead with the blank expression of a body with no one at home inside.

"This is K-813" Dr. Dahl said. Stacy didn't see any label or other marker, so she assumed that there was some other tracking method that Dr. Dahl's suit could pick up. "Looks like she was a returned product. Possible glitch in the mental reconditioning. Rather than run her through that again, it looks like they decided to downgrade her to a pet."

The convey belt started moving forward and the group followed. Robot arms swung up from the side of the belt, carrying various latex garments. The Doll's arms were wrapped in elbow length gloves that buried her hands in squishy balls. A corset was applied and crushed the Doll's narrow waist even smaller. Hooks swung down from above and lifted the Doll up off the belt, allowing additional arms to pull on what looked like latex tights. The arms bent the Doll's legs in half, some sort of unseen mechanism locking heels against butt cheeks. When the hooks lowered the Doll back to the conveyer belt, she was set in a quadruped position.

"Our upgraded pet Dolls are coated in a similar latex spray to the dollification process." Dr. Dahl explained as K-813 disappeared inside a boxy machine with *sprayer* painted on the

side. “However, this second coating is four times as thick as before. This helps protect the pet’s skin while outdoors; they can no longer wear clothes after all.”

When K-813 exited the other side of the sprayer, she was coated from neck to toe in shiny red latex that hugged her body like paint. The thick latex hid the shaping garments underneath, making it look like the Doll really had ball hands and truncated legs.

While a dozen buffer arms went to work shining up the Doll’s skin, another arm approached her rear. This one carried a two-foot tail of orange hair identical to that on the Doll’s head. On one end of the hair was a butt plug and the arm buried this deeply into the Doll’s backside.

The Doll didn’t seem to notice, as a metal sphere had lowered from the ceiling and engulfed her head. There was an opening in the back for the Doll’s hair to spill out and it shook wildly as the spherical helmet went about its work. When the orb retracted a moment later, the Doll’s head was now encased in a red latex hood that blended seamlessly with the material hugging her body. The only exposed flesh was a tiny ring around each eye and the Doll’s mouth and chin. The Doll’s hair had been pulled into a strict ponytail that bobbed behind her head.

As they came to the end of the belt, the machines added a few final details. An eyeless visor was placed over the Doll’s upper face, with straps wrapping around the back of her head. A ball gag was pressed into her mouth, forcing the Doll’s lips wide. And for the final touch, a collar was wrapped around her neck, a golden chain leading off to another arm.

“The visor and gag are removable.” Dr. Dahl explained as K-813 disappeared through a hatch in the wall. “The collar bolts on permanently, though the chain can be removed.”

“What happens to her now?” asked Misty.

“She’ll spend a week in storage as the visor upgrades her mental programming, then she’ll be put up for auction. Depending on whether her new owner will want further modification, K-813 could be delivered to her new home in less than two weeks.”

As the group headed towards another pair of swinging doors, they had to stand aside while a pair of Drones carried a crate across the floor. The upper three quarters of the crate was transparent plastic, allowing the group to see the Doll kneeling



*Figure 6 Pet Suit Upgrade*



*Figure 7 Feline Pet Conversion*

within. This one was a feline upgrade, coated in purple latex so dark it was nearly black. The cat Doll's head was a sphere with a pink mouth opening like Dr. Dahl's, with a triangular black nose and white whiskers drawn on. Triangular cat ears poked out the top, while a collar with a golden bell wrapped around the Doll's neck.

"Based on the notes in her file." Dr. Dahl told the group. "Her owner was

displeased that his Doll wife was lazing about all day. He decided to give her a new form more suited for her demeanor."

The doors out of the factory floor led to a long corridor lined with glass windows partitioned by doors. Dr. Dahl stopped the group by the first window and gestured for the group to look inside. A half dozen naked women sat on their hands and knees, staring up at an instructor that looked like Dr. Dahl from the neck down. The instructor's head was free, revealing a severe bun hairstyle that made Stacy think of an old schoolmarm.

"Ten years ago, we started offering a petification process that didn't rely on our dollification process. The process takes much longer as the pets have to be trained out of their human impulses to embrace the life of a pet. This group has been subject to a week of training."

The instructor barked a command and the naked woman sat up in a begging position. Another command, and they shifted to a head down, rear up position. All except one woman, who rolled over instead. The instructor clearly wasn't happy about the mistake and laid into the poor woman in a language that Stacy didn't understand.

"I can't understand what she's saying. What language is that?" asked Erika, beating Stacy to the question.

"Dog-speak." Their guide replied. "It's not a full language, just enough commands to control them like an ordinary pet. Part of the mental reconditioning involves erasing all human language comprehension, so we couldn't use a real language for training."

Before the berated pet-to-be hung her head and took the instructor's abuse, Stacy saw her glance at the far side of the room. Stacy traced the path and saw another woman she



hadn't noticed before. This one was wearing a slate grey latex catsuit, with gloves and boots that made her hands and feet look like paws. Her plump, d-ring augmented breasts were on full display, while the lower half of the woman's face was hidden by a ring gag that wrenched her jaw wide and forced her tongue to loll out. A spiked leather collar wrapped around the woman's neck, a thick chrome chain connecting it to a mounting post on the wall.

"Why is there an already remade pet in the room?" Stacy asked, pointing.

"As an object lesson." Dr. Dahl replied. "Within the first two days of training, our instructors identify the stock least likely to successfully complete the course. They are pulled out, undergo mental reconfiguring, encased in a pet suit, and sent back to their former litter."

"But why?" asked Erika. "What's the point of this farcical training if you're going to mind-wipe the pets anyway?"



*Figure 8 The Object Lesson*



*Figure 9 Tiff, Diamond in the Rough*

"It's precisely because we don't end up mind wiping all of the pets. Seeing what they will become if they fail drives her littermate to work harder. Sure, most of them will fail and end up undergoing the same process, but it does bring out the true diamonds."

Dr. Dahl moved the group to the next window. Unlike the first room, there was only a single pet being worked on by the instructor. Every barked command was followed flawlessly, showing a depth of training that Stacy wouldn't have through possible.

"Tiff here is an example of such a diamond." Dr. Dahl said as the instructor walked forward and patted the pet's head affectionately. "She wanted to be a pet so badly that she dehumanized herself. No hesitation, no comprehension, no humanity. Just

a perfectly servile pet. And she's about to be rewarded for it."

Two Drones entered the room, pushing a cart piled high with latex and metal. Under commands from the instructor, Tiff held out one hand and then the other to be encased in a latex paw. Similar paws were placed on her feet as well. Next came metal chastity-type devices. Spherical metal domes encased Tiff's breasts, while a belt protected her crotch. Stacy involuntarily winced when she saw how large the canine dildos on the inside were before they were inserted.

With the under layer complete, the Drones' next task was to apply a full body catsuit. This took a lot of lube, tugging, and harsh commands from the instructor. The suit was a light grey with dark grey stripes, so perfectly tailored that Stacy couldn't see the overlap from the gloves or boots. A spade tipped tail hung out from between Tiff's lower cheeks, curling around one leg.

The final piece was a gag that covered Tiff's lower face from ear to ear. Tiff swallowed the dildo section like it was her favorite toy, allowing the Dolls to lock the gag in place. It covered the tip of Tiff's nose as well, the black mark making her look even more canine.

"A pet that voluntarily dehumanizes herself like this is worth five times as much as one we have to reprogram. She will spend the rest of her life cared for by a very wealthy owner, with her only responsibilities to fetch tennis balls or give her owner's bone a lick."



*Figure 10 Tiff, Suited Pet*

Dr. Dahl led the group down to the far end of the corridor and through an open door. "This is the newest part of our Petification Division. The mermaid conversion process requires fusing aspects of both our latex and robot Dolls, which took significant R&D to get right."

Inside the room, a pair of women were being strapped into rectangular frames by a team of Drones. The one on the left had thick dark hair and was watching the Drones bind her

limb. Her redheaded companion was much more aroused by the process. One of the Drones actually had to pull her hand away from a breast to lock it into the frame.

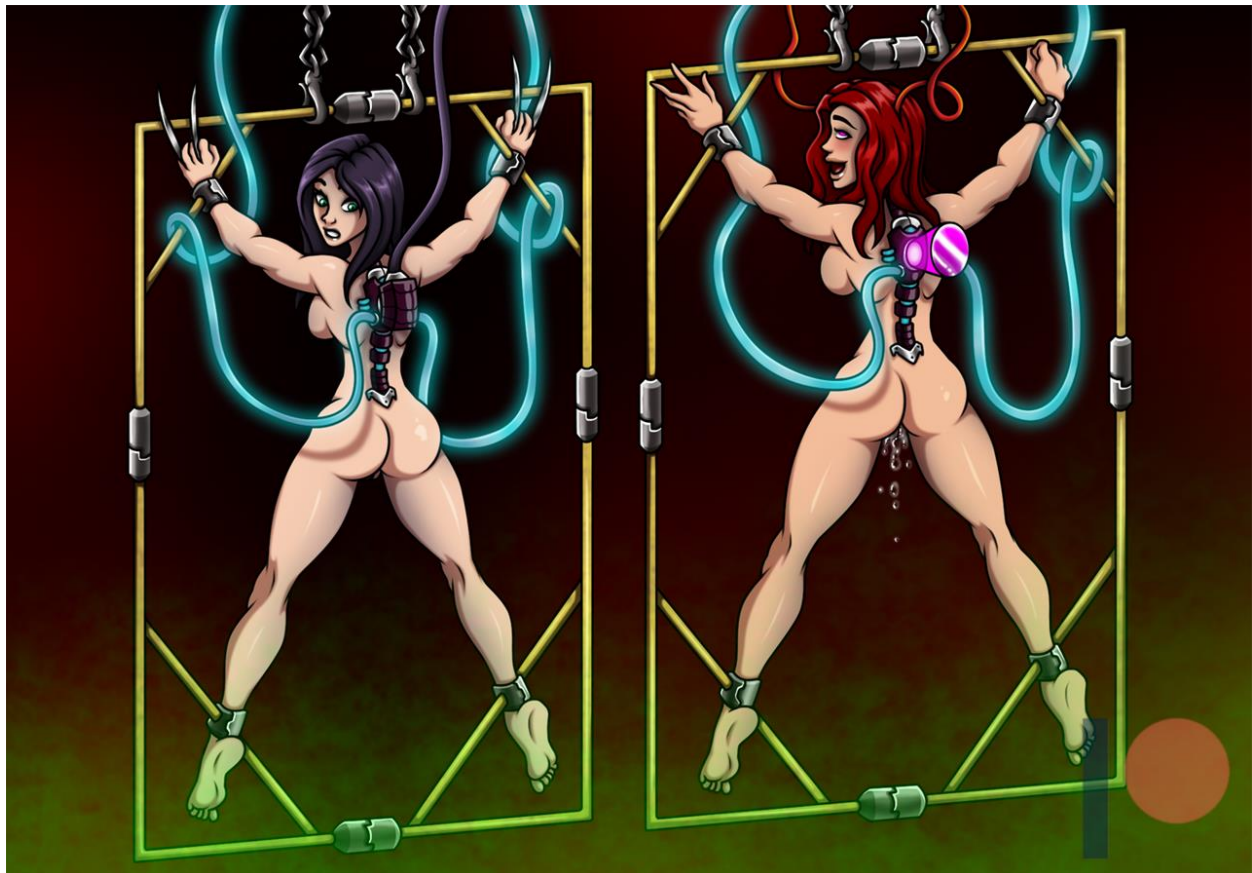
“These two are Serena and Harlie. They were part of yesterday’s tour group.” Dr. Dahl introduced the women as hooks attached to the top of their frames and lifted the women vertical.

“What made you want to become mermaids?” Terri asked, eyes locked on Harlie’s breasts.

“I’m a total slut, so I was up for anything.” The redhead said without the slightest drop of shame.

“I wanted an animalistic transformation,” Serena added, “but they had already met the weekly quota of cat Dolls. At first, I was squeamish about some of the body mods required, but Harlie talked me into this.”

Before the pair could discuss their choice further, the Drones stepped back and mechanical arms dropped down from the ceiling to begin the conversion. Dr. Dahl spread the



*Figure 11 Serena (L) and Harlie (R), Pre-Mermaid Conversion*



group around so they could see the changes from all angles. Stacy ended up behind Serena and had the best view of her change.

The conversion started with the arms laying a black cylindrical strip along Serena's spine from neck to tailbone. Tiny metallic inserts poked out of the sides and buried themselves in the flesh like the legs of a cyborg millipede. A fist sized tank section was placed near the top of the strip, with cables hanging from either end. Once that was in place, the contraption started pumping a neon blue liquid into Serena's body. More black metal strips were run around the sides of Serena's torso, connected by thin blue hoses to the metal framework growing along her back.

Stacy found out what Serena had mean by body mods as the conversion arms encircled the woman's left leg in a metal ring just above the knee. A red glow leaked out of the edges, followed by the smell of burning flesh. This went on for a solid minute before the ring pulled away, taking Serena's lower leg with it. Stacy felt a little sick when she realized that she'd just watched a woman's leg get amputated, but Serena's didn't seem to have noticed. Her eyes were heavily lidded in arousal as more arms fiddled with squishy spheres being placed over her breasts.

Serena didn't resist as the limb removal ring came back and attacked her other leg. A similar device, smaller in scale, went next, removed both of the woman's hands at the wrist just above the cuffs binding her into the frame. Serena wasn't left hanging too long, as the arms next brought down a large metal contraption that reminded Stacy of the back half of a fish skeleton. It clicked into place at the bottom of the metal strip running down Serena's back, the rib bones encircling the stumps of her legs while the tip ran down to where her feet had once been.

An extra-large arm swung down from the ceiling, bolting into the framework on Serena's back to support her while the rectangular frame that she had once hung from was pulled away. Spade like latex gloves were pulled up her arms, while more of the mechanical assistants began laying cable connections inside the shell of her tail.

A spherical contraption dropped from the ceiling, completely engulfing Serena's head. When it pulled away, the woman's hair was completely gone. Large oval lenses covered her eyes, while an oversized parody of lips decorated the bottom of her face. Her ears were gone, replaced with triangular points that stuck up on either side of Serena's head.

With the mechanical changes complete, the arms pulled back to make way for a quartet of sprayers. They coated Serena in an ever-thickening layer of black latex, smoothing out the lines from her augments until there was no hint of what lay underneath. Thin sheets of latex were inserted between Serena's arms and torso, limiting her ability to pull away, which melded seamlessly into the black flesh with another layer of latex. Another sphere dropped to engulf Serena's head. When it pulled free, her head had been transformed into a parody of a feline. Big golden eyes, tiny, twitching nose, and triangular ears on top of the head.

As the buffers moved in to the smooth out the last little imperfections of the transformation, Stacy tore her eyes away to check on Harlie's progress. The redhead had undergone a process nearly identical to Serena's, though her shiny skin alternated red and black in a harlequin pattern. Her head also made Stacy think of an alien, with two thick tendrils hanging from behind her skull instead of hair.



*Figure 12 Serena (R) and Harlie (L), Post-Mermaid Conversion*

As a team of Drones came back in pushing a water tank, Erica asked, "What's next? Do they undergo mental reconfiguring as well?"

Dr. Dahl shook her head. "No, they are delivered with the same intelligence as they started with. Though with their hoods and the fact they now breathe through the gills on their sides, neither will be great conversationalists."

"And with what you did to their hands, they won't be writing any messages."

"No one cares what a Doll thinks. Not even me, and I am one sixteen hours of the day. Besides, after the first year of near constant orgasms their minds will be too fried to string more than three words together. Their lives have been reduced to the need to float there and look pretty and we have equipped them for that task."

Erika didn't look happy at that response, but didn't speak up when Dr. Dahl asked if anyone had any final questions. "In that case, we'll continue our tour in the last major Division of Remaker Industries."

Dr. Dahl led the group out of the Petification Division and back into the corridor. A short walk brought them through another pair of doors with large number 3s on them. The space beyond was a cavernous warehouse, with sheets of latex like material dividing it up into sections. From their elevation on a metal catwalk, Stacy could count over a dozen, though the angle prevented her seeing much of what was happening a level below.

"Our final Division deals with inanimate transformations." Dr. Dahl said as the group descended the stairs down to the working level. "Technically, it should be the Formerly Animate Division, but no one sought my input on the naming scheme."

The group passed through one of the plastic sheets, revealing an area that reminded Stacy of a museum. A half dozen busts and statues stood in a row against the far wall, mixing the natural browns and greys of stone with the bright shininess of latex.

"Our simplest inanimate product is our bust encapsulation." Dr. Dahl gestured to the end of the row, where two Drones were strapping a Doll into a frame. The latter had several hoses and tubes connected at the crotch, squished between legs that were bound tightly in half. Stacy couldn't see the Doll's hands; her arms seemed to end abruptly at the elbow like a perverted tribute to the Venus de Milo.

"Our bust encapsulation, as the name suggests, encases the Doll in a cement like polymer from the stomach down. Unlike traditional cement, the polymer doesn't generate heat during curing and fuses seamlessly to the Doll's latex skin." As Dr. Dahl spoke, the Drones attached plexiglass panels to the support frame, blocking the bound Doll from the stomach down. Hoses were attached to plugs on the bottom and stiffened as liquid was pumped through them.

"All of the Doll's needs are taken care of via the plumbing concealed inside their plinth." Dr. Dahl continued. "Feeding, wastes, even breathing for Dolls that are encased up to the neck."

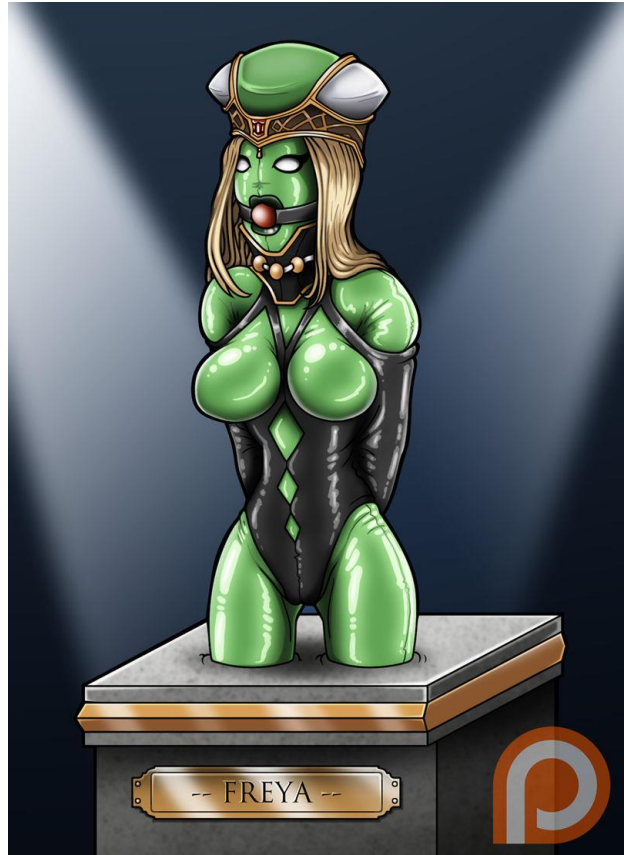
"Will she be able to move her upper torso after being busted?" Asked Terri.

"For the base package, yes, though statue Dolls receive special conditioning that helps them stay still for long periods of time. This Doll, however, is scheduled for a thin coating of the same polymer over the rest of her body. This will allow only the smallest amount of movement and will pull the Doll's arms back to a set position. Based on the selected color, it seems her owner wishes her to appear as nothing more than a marble bust."

Dr. Dahl moved the group to the right, where a completed statue Doll stood. This one was only encased up to mid-thigh, leaving her green latex skin mostly on display. A black

leather corset, armbinder, and collar held the Doll's body rigid, along with a huge red ball gag sealing her mouth shut. Stacy wasn't sure if the Doll's solid white eyes were one-way mirrors, or if she was blind in addition to her restricted existence.

"Freya here," Dr. Dahl gestured to the name plate on the statue Doll's plinth, "Is an example of some of our advanced bust techniques. While most of her body appears to be free, the truth is that nanites have been used to fuse most of her bones in a fixed position. She can wiggle, but that's about it. As you can see, her crotch is exposed, requiring us to route the necessary life support tubing internally. One of her legs is actually false, removed early in the conversion to leave space for this plumbing and to provide a strong mounting point for the plinth's hidden internal structure."



*Figure 13 Bust Doll Freya*

"Why would someone bother to turn a Doll into a statue, but leave so much of her exposed?" Misty asked.

Dr. Dahl was silent a moment before answering, her head bobbing slightly as if reading. "It appears her owner brought her in for this conversion after ten years of service. He still loves her, but wished to replace her with a younger model. He paid for a sense-sync link with his new Doll wife, who happens to be Freya's younger sister, so that Freya will not miss out on the pleasures of her former position even though she cannot move."

Dr. Dahl glanced over as two Drones strode into the section, escorting a naked young woman with green hair. "Ah, I hoped I would time this correctly. Are you excited about what you're about to do, Morrigan?"

The green haired woman blushed crimson. "It still doesn't seem fully real. I've been fantasizing about this for so long, to have it actually happen...I'm horny like you wouldn't believe."

"Morrigan was part of our volunteer group earlier in the week." Dr. Dahl explained. "She will serve as an excellent demonstration that inanimate processes can be performed on base humans as well as Dolls. What conversion did you end up settling on?"

Morrigan shifted from side to side, rubbing her thighs together. "The dungeon cube. I...wanted even the encased parts of my body to be on display."

"An excellent choice. I helped develop some of the inner workings that will ensure you stay happy and horny for a long time."

The Drones led Morrigan over to where a three foot by three foot by three foot cube of dark purple latex hung from chains. After fitting the green-haired woman with a chastity belt like device with hoses dangling off the back, the Drones helped Morrigan into the cube. It was a tight fit, with Morrigan's limbs folded and her butt nearly touching the back of her head. Stacy assumed that Morrigan must have been a yoga fanatic to pull off such a tight position without pain.

Once Morrigan was inside, the Drones sealed the rear cube entrance, leaving only her head and large bust sticking out the far side. These assets had reinforcing tape run around them, creating a tight seal. Stacy wasn't sure why until a Drone connect a hose and turned it on. The vacuum sucked the purple latex inward, outlining Morrigan's bound form trapped inside the cube. She struggled a little, trying to find a more comfortable position, but stopped when it became clear all but the smallest movement would be restricted.

"The inside of the latex is coated with a special adhesive." Dr. Dahl said as one of the worker Dolls adjusted the power on the vacuum, lowering the volume fourfold. "It takes about 24 hours to dry after being exposed to body heat, after which time it will fully fuse to the subject's skin. Morrigan will be subjected to a low intensity vacuum until that time, to ensure there aren't any leaks or bubbles in her new form."

Another Drone came up, pushing a cart. "Ah, you went with some of the optional accessories as well. How fun." Dr. Dahl picked up a set of golden rings with silver tassels hanging off them like the pull chains on a ceiling light. "These pulls can be used to adjust the speed of the plugs buried in Morrigan's pussy and ass." Dr. Dahl brushed her fingers across Morrigan's left nipples, bringing it to full harness, before snapped the first ring around it. As she repeated the process with Morrigan's other nipple Dr. Dahl continued, "The plugs are independently controllable and there's no indication of what level they've been set at, other than by her reaction. Unfortunately, I can't demonstrate as the plugs have been disabled for 24 hours to allow the vacuum cube to set properly. Got to keep the wiggling down to a minimum."

Next, Dr. Dahl picked up a black leather gag from the cart, the ball a matching purple color to the cube. "How naughty, you chose the permanent gag option. That explains the anal feeding tube I saw earlier. Any last words?"

Morrigan shook her head as much as the cube would allow. "Please put it in. I'm so incredibly horny. I just need a bit more..."

“As you wish.” Dr. Dahl leaned in and strapped the gag around Morrigan’s head, careful to avoid tangling it in her hair. The woman’s cheeks bulged as she tried to get used to breathing with the monster plugging her mouth.

“And it looks like we still have one more piece left. I’m particularly proud of these.” Dr Dahl showed the group a pair of ear plugs before inserting them inside Morrigan’s ears. “They’re composed of a special sound damping polymer one of my colleagues created. It takes time to bind into the ear, but once fully activated you could shout by Morrigan’s head and she wouldn’t realize it.”

Lastly came a hair band with two bat-like wings sticking out either side. “This is where my genius comes in. These wings are actually RF antennas and wireless chargers synced to tiny microphones in the ear plugs. While she won’t be able to hear any outside noise, anything sent to the antennas will come in crystal clear. This could be speech, music, or more likely, the audio track to an unending stream of porn.”

As Dr. Dahl adjusted the headband on Morrigan’s head, hiding it under her thick hair, the bound woman shuddered and shook violently. “I hope she enjoyed that last orgasm.” Dr. Dahl remarked clinically. “She chose an edging option, so it’s the last one she’ll get for the next year.”

“That’s horrible.” Erika said, at the same time Sherri and Terri exclaimed, “That’s so hot.”

“It was her fantasy.” Dr. Dahl said. “Now she will get to see if the desires of her mind lives up to the reality. Now come along, there are other sections I need to show you.”

Dr. Dahl led the group out of the statue museum and into another sub-section of the warehouse. This part reminded Stacy of a furniture gallery, with a wide arrangement of chairs, sofas and beds.



*Figure 14 Morrigan in a Permanent Latex Cube*

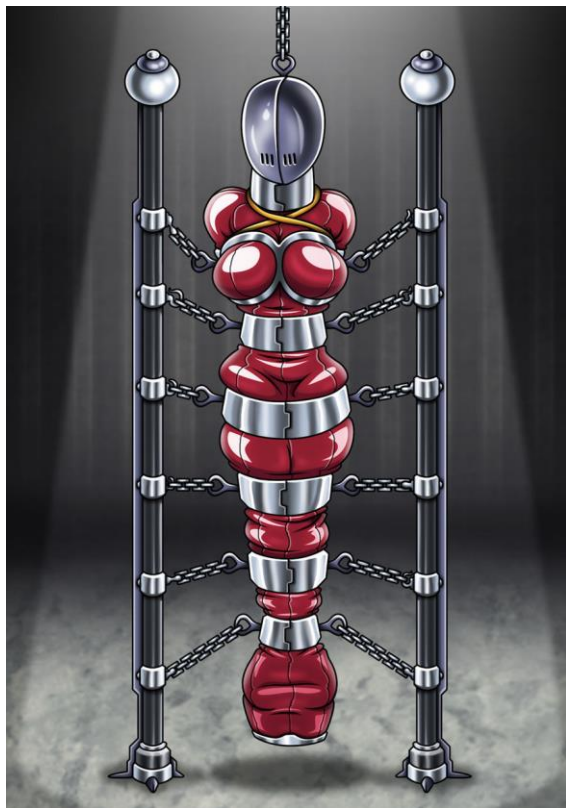


“This is our living furniture section.” Dr. Dahl said as she led the group between the rows of furniture. “Here we have the play pieces, which owners can use to store their Dolls for a temporary duration.”

Dr. Dahl demonstrated how a Doll’s head would stick out between the sitter’s legs on a bar stool, unzipped a mattress to reveal a body sized cavity inside, and pantomimed how a woman’s body could be strapped into the office chair.

“While we do a small amount of business selling play products, the real money is in permanent living furniture.” Dr. Dahl led the group off the show-room floor and into what looked more like a workshop. On one side, two Drones were sealing a brown skinned latex Doll into a wooden barstool like the one Dr. Dahl had demonstrated outside. Dr. Dahl led the group in the other direction toward where four Dolls stood at attention beside a large wooden bed.

“All of our permanent furniture is custom made.” Dr. Dahl said. “Most clients able to afford this type of service own multiple Dolls and are willing to utilize stock from their stable. Volunteers who wish to become living furniture are auctioned off once a quarter. The buyers set all the options, so the volunteers don’t know the type of furniture they will become until they arrive for conversion.”



*Figure 15 Four-Poster-Bed Doll, Mid-Conversion*

Dr. Dahl gestured to where the four Dolls stood at attention. “In this case, the owner had too many Dolls and felt bad that he couldn’t give them all the attention they deserved. Our four-poster-bed design was developed to help with this problem.”

As the group watched, the Drones got to work on the four Dolls that would become part of the bed. First, the four Dolls were encased in red latex suits that covered everything from the neck down. The Dolls’ feet were trapped in a single boot with a weighted base to prevent them from tipping over, while their arms were trapped behind their backs by an armbinder. Four-inch-wide metal rings were applied around the suit, welding the Doll’s legs together and crushing their waists inward like an unforgiving corset. Figure-eight bands were placed around their breasts, forcing them front and center. Lastly, the Doll’s heads were encased in a metal sphere, sealed in placed by a metal posture collar that covered the entire neck.



The metal rings had mounting holes on either side, through which the Drones attached chains to hoist the bound figures up off the ground. Thin tubes were run down from the helmets and crotches, discretely threaded to avoid awkward bulges in the latex or metal. The group had to take a few steps back as a Drone came up with a sprayer and began coating the bound Doll in a brown substance.

"Our wood stain has similar properties to the polymer used for making living statues." Dr. Dahl explained as the sprayer Drone moved on to the second form. "Once it sets, they will only be capable of the smallest movement. After a nice coat of polish, they will appear as little more than erotically carved bed posts."

"What's the point?" asked Erica. "Why not just turn them into regular statues if they're not going to be able to interact with whoever uses the bed?"

"Oh, but they will." Dr. Dahl countered. "You see, these four Dolls are set to have their senses linked to other Dolls in their owner's stable. When none are in the bedroom, they are left trapped, blind and horny. But when one enters the room, they are able to see, hear, and feel everything that she does. So, while their owner services one Doll, he is actually playing with all of five of them simultaneously."

"In a way, they're lucky. No matter which Doll catches their owner's eye that night, they get to take part in the pleasure." Terri pointed out.

"That is why one of my sister-wives elected to undergo the procedure."

"Wait, back up." Sherri exclaimed; eyes wide. "How many wives does your husband have?"

"Technically three, though I was the only one to take part in a wedding ceremony. Bed was once my cousin who came for a visit and decided she wanted to stay, while Snuggles was a summer intern whose owner fell through at the last minute. We only planned to foster her until a replacement could be found, but we failed."

"Your sister is a post like these?" Erika gestured to where the Drone was spraying down the last of the bound women.

Dr. Dahl shook her head. "No, her limbs were removed and she was sealed inside the mattress. Sometimes I think I can feel her heartbeat as I lay atop her while we share my husband's love." After a moment of awkward silence, Dr. Dahl continued, "And that concludes our tour of the Inanimates Division..." Dr. Dahl paused. "I stand corrected. It seems there is one more procedure that would be worthwhile to witness."

Dr. Dahl led the group back toward the statues section, where they found a middle-aged Asian woman watching as several Drones labored around what appeared to be a statue of an anthropomorphic fox.

“Tsugumi.” Dr. Dahl said, addressing the naked woman. “I did not realize they had moved your conversion up to this week.”

Tsugumi’s eyes drifted from Dr. Dahl to the gaggle of women behind her. “Janis, they have you leading tours now? I thought that was Meghan’s job?”

“Her husband had her fully dollified and installed in his office desk last week. Until they hire someone to replace her, I’m tasked with the job. It gets me out of the lab at least.”

“I’m sure you volunteered to help find more subjects for your mad experiments.” Tsugumi teased.

Dr. Dahl did not rise to the bait. “You’re about to undergo one of my mad experiments, if you remember.”

“A tradition that I owe you a great deal for helping me revive.” Tsugumi smiled at the blank looks of the tour group. “Perhaps I should explain for your audience. My family has tended a temple on our sacred mountain for nearly a thousand years. One of our key traditions, handed down from mother to daughter, regards how we transition our shrine maidens. When the eldest daughter of the current shrine maiden reaches her majority, she takes over the role of maintaining the temple. The former shrine maiden is reduced to a shrine guardian, a watching protector and source of wisdom. The exact method of this process was lost when our temple was bombed during the war. My mother was able to rebuild, but as the second daughter she was never let in on the secret. Unfortunately, she died of a heart attack when I was sixteen, so we couldn’t have performed the ceremony even if the information had been recovered.”

“But then why...” Terri began, before Sherri elbowed her in the ribs.

“Shh, she’s still telling the story.”

Tsugumi smiled at the pair’s antics. “I was able to reconstruct some information after I took on the shrine maiden roll. It seems that the retiring maiden was sealed inside a kitsune statue to preserve her wisdom for future generations. All such statues were destroyed in the bombing, so I’m uncertain how literal the process was. Most likely there was a symbolic ceremony and then the former maiden went to live in exile elsewhere for her retirement.”

“But you decided to make the tradition a bit more literal.” Stacy pointed at the kitsune statue, which the Drones had removed part of to reveal a narrow hollow section within.

“Correct. When I heard about the wonderful conversions this company was capable of, I approached them asking for help. Dr. Dahl enjoyed the challenge so much she did he design work for free.”

Dr. Dahl snorted. "You make me sound like a perverted Santa Clause. Your intervention was critical to the opening of our Japan operations, so this felt like just repayment. But you're right, I like challenges."

"What makes this statue different than the ones you showed us earlier?" asked Misty.

"While I called the previous inanimate transformation permanent, in truth most of them could be reversed." Dr. Dahl began. "The busts can be freed from their polymer prisons, the furniture removed for them frames and their limbs rejuvenated. But what you're about to see is on another level entirely."

"From what Janis has explained to me, once placed inside the statue, the remainder of the space will be filled nanites of the same kind used for robot Doll transformations." Tsugumi continued. "I will be more than sealed inside, I will become a single entity with my frame. My mind will be partly rewritten to serve as a central control hub for all automated aspects of the temple. My younger sister and a cousin from another shire will be undergoing the same process next week; our minds linked together into a common consciousness to provide wisdom and help retain ancient traditions. When my daughter retires from her position she will join us in the hive-mind, allowing us to grow and adapt as time passes."

"We're currently engaged with three other ancient temples who wish to copy your method." Dr Dahl patted Tsugumi on the shoulder. "You've taken a brave step forward in the quest of maintaining your culture's ancient traditions." She tilted her head to the side, where several of the Drones stood waiting. "And it seems they are finally ready for you. Before you go, I just wanted to pass along how much I enjoyed working with you."

"And you as well, old friend. Remember that I will be watching over you as protectively as I will my own children."

With that, Tsugumi let the Drones guide her into the statue. It was a very tight fit and required copious lube to help her slip inside. Stacy wondered if they were going to provide Tsugumi with breathing and feeding tubes, but then remembered she was about to become a robot doll. Such accessories would soon be unnecessary.



*Figure 16 Tsugumi, Sealed Inside Her Statue*

The removed sections of the statue were slid back into place, hiding the former shrine maiden from view. A golden headdress and neck collar were added, locking the statue shut. A pair of hoses were attached to the base, their translucent tubing turning silver as nanite infused liquid was pumped into the statue.

Stacy tried to image what Tsugumi was going through inside and shuddered. The cold liquid crawling up her legs. Pressing against her chest, making it hard to breathe. Pouring into her open mouth to fill every last cubic inch of space between the metal walls of the statue. Though as she tore her eyes away, Stacy was unable to decide if the shudder was from revulsion or arousal.

Of the group, Misty seemed to be the most affected by the change. Though that may have been due to Sherri and Terri, whispering seductive words into her ears as they massaged the MILF's large bust. Erika, as usual, looked appalled, making Stacy wonder why she had even come on the tour.

"I have only one last area of our facility to show you." Dr Dahl said as she led the group out of the inanimate division. "The Experimental Applications Division that I am in charge of. We are a fraction of the size of the Divisions you just saw, but we deal with the cutting edge of technology to deliver a product our customers can't get anywhere else."

Dr. Dahl led the tour group through several more corridors and into a small workshop space. Unlike the Divisions they had seen so far, which were so pristine that Stacy could have eaten off the floor, the Special Projects section showed the disorganization that came from progress over showmanship. Racks of machine parts stood beside drums of unknown chemicals. A white board drawing in the vague outline of a person was covered in arrows and text in a rainbow of colors. A computer screen packed with dense code blinked from one corner, a row of empty coffee cups standing before it like a firing squad.

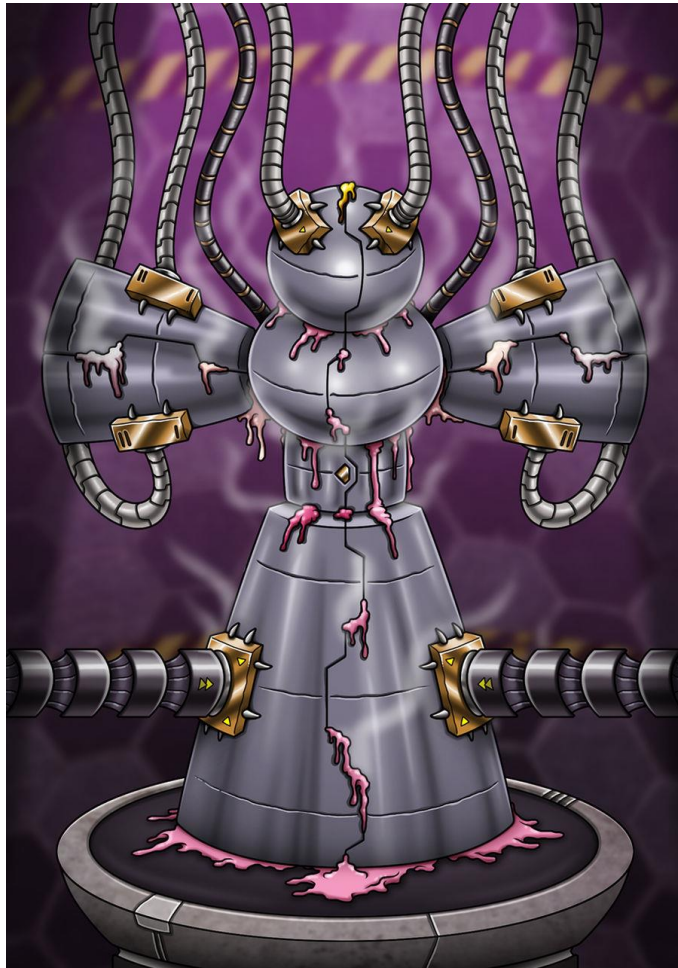
Dr. Dahl made a bee-line toward the far side of the room, where a ten-foot cube of metal loomed against the far wall. "This is my current project, the Dress Press. I wanted to build a machine that could add a layer of restriction over the stand Doll conversion. After about a year of work, we've finally hit the testing phase. I saved today's test until I had a group to show it to."

At an unseen command, a Doll walked out of the shadows and toward the opening in the left wall of the Dress Press. Apart from her outrageous body proportions, the Doll looked to be barely modified.

"Corporate gives me left-over Dolls to play with." Dr. Dahl said as she took a seat in front of a computer console. "Worst case, we get rid of stock that wasn't selling. Best case, we value add into a new product."

Screens beside the console turned on, showing the inside of the cube from multiple angles. The Doll had come to a stop in the dead center, staring blanking ahead as if waiting for the next command.

“The Dress Press is also able to ingest robot Dolls or even unmodified humans, but for the early tests we’re limiting testing to latex Dolls. So far, we have completed testing of the burka and super-sissy dresses. Today you’ll get to see a wedding dress conversion.”



*Figure 17 Dress Press, Mid-Conversion*

Dr. Dahl tapped a few commands on the keyboard as the group crowded around the screens. Mechanical arms awoke from the sides of the Dress Press, carrying solid chunks of metal they arranged around the Doll like a suit of armor. With the triangular base and arms and the circular head, the mold reminded Stacy of an angel placed atop a Christmas tree.

Hoses snaked down from the ceiling, locking into places all around the mold. Though she was ten feet away and outside the cube, Stacy swore she could hear them pumping in transformative latex. It pulsed with every beat of her heart, causing the young woman’s breath to catch. The entire room was so silent that you could hear a pin drop.

The process carried on until thin lines of latex could be seen leaking through the cracks in the mold. The image on the screen began to waver from the heat haze as the mold increased the temperature to bake the occupant inside.

After about five minutes of silent watching, the arms of the mold began to pull away to reveal the changed form underneath. Like Dr. Dahl had said, the Doll was now wearing a wedding dress. Only a latex variant thought up by an incredibly kinky individual. The skirt had to be three feet wide at the base, hiding all by the merest hint of the stiletto heels underneath. Though the surface was completely smooth, the latex had been subtly shaded to give the impression of layers of lace.

The Doll's stomach was crushed to tiny proportions by a sturdy corset, which strained under the weight of the basketball sized breasts on top. They had to be three sizes larger than the Doll started with, making Stacy wonder about the rock-hard molded nipples poking out just above the corset cups. The arms of the dress were bell shaped and covered the hands completely. Despite the many camera angles, Stacy couldn't see if the ends were solid or the hands were just recessed.

The most unsettling part of the Doll's body was its head. Ribbed white latex "hair" shaped in a bob style gave the head a spherical impression, while an oversized veil hid everything from forehead to collarbones. The overall impression was that of an alien being, both arousing and terrifying to behold.

Dr. Dahl pressed a button on the console and the wedding dress Doll slowly minced its way out of the dress press. "The skirt is solid, binding the Doll's legs together down to the ankles of the built-in stilettos." Dr. Dahl explain the slow movement. "There are four rigid tanks within to store food and waste, allowing the dress wearer to survive for over a week without servicing."

"Can...can she see anything through that veil?" Stacy asked, trying to ignore the fire burning in her loins. Why was this particular conversion affecting her so much?

"No, for reasons you'll see in a moment. The Doll's movements are control by adjusting the speed of the dildos filling her lower holes, combined with shocks to her nipples. It's a bit like driving a character from a video game. Simplistic, but necessary due to her reduced senses."

When the wedding dress Doll stopped beside the group and Dr. Dahl lifted her veil, Stacy understood the answer to her question. Under the veil, the Doll's face was a smooth expanse of white latex with no hint of eyes, nose, or ears. There was only a red ringed mouth, similar to Dr. Dahl's, that seemed to suck hungrily as if seeking sustenance. The realization that the Doll's world had been reduced to this single interface sent a bolt of lightning down Stacy's spine. She took a step backward and stumbled, nearly falling to the floor if Erika hadn't caught her. From this lower angle, Stacy could see the dress' sleeves were solid rubber, trapping the fingers uselessly inside. With that revelation she shuddered again, guilty waves of pleasure flooding through Stacy's body.

"Are you alright?" Dr. Dahl asked as Erika helped Stacy back to her feet.

"Yes, sorry. I tripped walking backward for a better view." Stacy lied. She didn't think the tour group leader would accept this answer, but Dr. Dahl let the fib lie.

"We still have two more dress designs under development, plus the final robot and human test for the wedding dress, before we transition this product to market. Who knows, maybe one of you would be willing to help with that." Dr. Dahl's smug words showed she'd clearly seen Stacy's reaction. That, or the heat in her cheeks was still radiating at *cook an egg*

levels. Thankfully, no one else asked about it as Dr. Dahl led the group back toward the front of the facility. Erika and Misty joined Stacy in contemplative silence, while Sherri and Terri chatted inanely at each other softly.

Eventually, the corridor the group went down ended in two doors. “We’ve come to the end of our tour.” Dr. Dahl said. “You all now have a choice to make. The left door lead back toward the changing room you entered earlier. You can put on your old clothes, sign an NDA at the front desk and go about your merry way. Back to the outside world, never to darken our door again.”

“And the other corridor?” Stacy didn’t catch who asked the question. Her eyes were locked on the door to freedom.

“That door leads to our legal department, which will assist with all the forms that need to be signed to revoke your humanity. After that, we will sit you down with one of our creative team and help design the conversion you want to go through. By the end of the day, for all intents and purposes, you will no longer be a person. Even if you won’t be remade until later. Choose wisely, as each door holds consequences that cannot be undone.”

As if freed from a magic spell, Erika bolted toward the door that led to the exit. Equally quickly, Sherri and Terri headed toward the conversion door. Misty dithered for a long minute before following them through the conversion door. That left Stacy standing there with Dr. Dahl and contemplating her destiny.

Dollification, becoming little more than a sex object, that had always been just a fantasy. Something to masturbate to on lonely nights. But now she was so close to actually living that life, could she actually reach out and grab it? Give up her humanity, her choice, possibly even her personality and become little more than a being that existed for sex and pleasure? No work, no kids, no house with the white picket fence. Just sex and submission.

“There’s always one in every group.” Dr. Dahl’s words jarred Stacy back to reality. She realized that the tour guide was standing right in front of her, inches away from touching. “That has trouble making up her mind. I’ve seen it over and over in the tours I led. The twins were a shoe in, they were taking the tour only to decide what they wanted to be remade as. Just as obviously, Erika’s desires snuffed out under the pressure of reality. I was expecting Misty to be the waffler, but she decided well before you.

“Unfortunately, I don’t have all day to stand here, so you have to make up your mind. You see, I have a lot of work to get done for tomorrow’s test. We’ll be running an unconverted human through the wedding dress process. Can you imagine what that would be like? Encased in a thick coating of latex, every breath and every step a struggle. Sight, hearing, taste, smell, all gone. Your only connection to the outside world a single hole, so sensitive that a faint breeze running across it would be able to bring you to mind numbing pleasure. No responsibilities, no wants other than to be used like the sexual goddess you are.”



Stacy's legs wobbled like they were made of rubber and she fell to one knee. Her breathing came in ragged gasps as her crotch burned with need. Dr. Dahl walked around her in slow circles, her voice equal parts amusement and appraisal. "You would be an excellent candidate. Right size, right age. All that stands in the way is a little paperwork. I saw how you reacted when I showed off the press earlier. What would you give up to be the one who walked inside the Dress Press instead of that Doll?"

"Everything." The word leaked from Stacy's mouth before her brain could fully process the question. And yet, the more she thought about it, the more Stacy became confident it was the truth. It was nonsensical, it was perverted, it was hasty, but in that moment, Stacy knew what she had to do. "I would give up everything." She repeated.

Dr. Dahl's circular mouth shifted into the slightest hint of the smile. "That is the right answer. I believe I'll be seeing you soon Stacy. For the last time." With that, the doctor turned on her heels and strode away.

The last echoes of footsteps had faded before Stacy regained enough control over her legs to stand. After one last fleeting glimpse of freedom, she walked toward the other door. The one that led to her destiny.

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### *Epilogue*

Dr. Dahl sat at her desk, reviewing results from the test earlier that day. Her mood was foul; the upgrade to the Dress Press had blown a gasket in one of the high-pressure latex lines, filling the chamber and almost drowning the test Doll before she managed to shut it off. It would take a week to fix all the wires she'd fried in the emergency shut down, and that had to be done before she could diagnose the part that caused the problem to begin with.

A ping on her internal display alerted Dr. Dahl that one of the Drones was outside her lab with a visitor. Of course, this had to happen on today of all days. But this problem would only get worse the longer she put it off. Better to rip the band-aid and be done with it. Two more hours and she could go home and relax as a ditzy Doll all weekend.

Dr. Dahl sent a command to the Drone, telling her to bring the visitor inside. A minute later the Drone appeared, accompanied by a familiar redheaded figure. "Take a seat, Erika." Dr. Dahl gestured to the chair across from her desk that wasn't covered in paperwork.

“Thank you for agreeing to see me, Doctor.” Erika replied, gingerly lowering herself into the chair. “I wasn’t sure you would.”

“I shouldn’t be. Our policy is very clear. You get one chance at a tour. You walk away, you can’t come back. I’ll call it what it is, a high-pressure sales tactic to help sway those on the fence. A tactic that only works if you enforce it.”

Dr. Dahl caught the flush of the young woman’s cheeks and the way she couldn’t maintain eye contact. Perhaps this one wasn’t such a lost cause after all. “Would you like to see how the rest of your tour group turned out?”

When Erika didn’t answer, Dr. Dahl opened a folder on her desk and spread out the photographs inside. “Sherri and Terri opted to become robot maid Dolls.” Dr. Dahl tapped on a photo of the pair sharing a lurid kiss as silvery nanite material spilled down around them. “A bit tamer than I expect, though they did opt for a twist. They’re now a single mind operating two linked robot bodies. They really are the perfect couple.” Another showed the two robots in their full maid regalia, dusting shelves in their new owner’s extensive library.

“Misty was a fun one.” Dr. Dahl continued. “She was so taken with Tsugumi’s conversion she asked for something similar for her own. I’d already been considering the commercial applications of such a change and relished a volunteer willing to subject themselves to my ideas.”

Dr. Dahl ran her hands along a series of photographs. Misty standing naked beside a marble statue of lion. Misty on her hands and knees, held tightly in the lion’s lower frame as the upper half was lowered down to seal her in. An outside shot of the lion installed in front of stout brick building with *Bryce County Library* on a brass plaque above the door.

“She now serves as the computer system for her local library. Two more librarians are scheduled to come in next week for an identical procedure. Tied together, they should be able to operate all the libraries for the entire district.”

A quick glance across the photographs. Shifting of the thighs and nibble of the inner lip. The hook was set, now it was time to reel in the fish. “And then there was Stacy. A professional like myself shouldn’t have favorites, but if I did, she was something special.”

The first photo showed Stacy after she’d been prepared for the Dress Press. All of her body hair was gone and silvery script flowed across her body to guide the automated systems. The next picture showed her in the press, smiling as the heavy metal mold encased her body. The third photo showed Stacy afterward, all hint of her human self buried under a mountain of nanite infused latex. They had needed to test the limits of what the Dress Press was capable of and why not reward an eager volunteer.

The skirt had been increased to four feet in diameter at the widest point and the stilettos replaced with ballet boots that required special gyros to help keep Stacy balanced. The

waist was a tiny stovepipe that required absorbing several ribs and fusing the spine, cast in the shadow of spherical breasts the size of beach balls. The bell ends of the arms were two feet in diameter, prevent Stacy from being able to hold her hands close to her body. Hidden inside were special typing gloves that allowed Dr. Dahl to question Stacy about her new situation. After testing they were disabled to sever her last link to the outside world.

Lastly, this version had a different hairstyle then the last one Erika had seen. The white latex flowed down around Stacy's shoulders like a cresting wave, resisting every turn of the head with gentle pressure. The elaborate facial veil was the same as before, hiding the hungry hole that was now Stacy's entire world.

"We sold her to a fancy Vegas hotel for their honeymoon suite." Dr. Dahl explained, running a finger across the top edge of the last photograph. Stacy, renamed Bridezilla by her new owners, laying on a four-poster bed in an elaborately decorated room. "She's there to aid the loving couple in their wedding night debauchery. That, and reward the groomsmen for their valiant service. After a year I plan to visit and re-enable her typing gloves, so I can ask her how it feels to be a living blowjob machine. I'm starting to consider it as my own retirement plan."

Sadly, with all the work corporate kept giving her, such a blissful retirement was a long way off. But Erika didn't need to know that. "That brings us back to you. You couldn't get out of here fast enough after the tour ended, which is why I was surprised to hear you had reached out asking for a second chance. Enough times that it was brought to my attention. Care to tell me why I should bother?"

"You're right, I was disgusted by what I saw that day." Erika admitted. "I came on the tour as a dare, not because I was interested in your services. But what I saw, it's stuck in my head like gum that won't come off the bottom of my shoe. I'll see a woman walk down the street and image what she'd look like encased in a permanent catsuit. I pass by statues in the park and wonder if there are people inside, frozen in sexual bliss. I lie awake in bed at night, haunted by dreams that my bed has swallowed me up and my roommate and her boyfriend are having sex on top of me without noticing. I'm slowly losing my mind and could only think of one way to stop it."

"Turn the nightmare into reality?" Dr. Dahl offered. "Submit yourself to becoming one of our products."

Erika nodded. "It was this or the nut house. And the Dolls seem to enjoy life more."

"That we do. However, this second chance would come with strings attached."

"Such as?"

"You would be treated as class 5 input stock; even lower than the prisoners we convert. You'll have no say in what you're remade into, nor any specifications of the change itself. We

don't sell class 5s; their only use is for testing and other processes that aren't worth wasting valuable resources on. Experimental body modification, novel mind wipe procedures, tasks like that. You'll spend the rest of your life inside these walls as little more than a lab rat. If you're lucky, after a few years of service you'll be given to a promising employee as a reward. If not, you'll end up in the basement vaults with the rest of the rejects."

Erika gulped. "What you're saying is that if I sign up now, I'll be getting the worst conversion possible? One that will break me in ways I can't imagine until I'm used up and either given away or lost in storage for the rest of my life?"

"Is that a problem?"

"It should be a problem. A huge fucking problem. So why am I soaking my panties at the thought?"

"Some people are just born a little too kinked for this strait-laced world. They only discover that fact when someone gives their worldview a bend and they either snap back or twist into something entirely new. Which do you want to be?"

"I...I..." Erika stammered. She gulped and lowered her head. "I want you to break me. Remake me into the ultimate sex object. Change my body, change my mind, until there's nothing left."

Dr. Dahl slid a stack of papers across the desk. "I can certainly do that. All I need are a few signatures." She started to hand over a pen but paused halfway. "Take as much time as you need, but be warned, there won't be any third chances."

Erika let out a barking laugh. "Still with the high-pressure sales pitch, Doctor?"

Dr. Dahl shrugged. "What can I say? Class 5 stock doesn't come along very often. I've been saving up a few ideas I'm itching to try out. Binding you to the rear of another Doll to create an equine pet. Removing all your limbs to make a living pillow or a pot girl. Or maybe a living urinal to spice up the bathrooms in this place. Choices, choices." Dr. Dahl held out the pen all the way. "But the first choice is yours."

Erika took the pen like she was being handed a live snake, staring at it for a long moment like it held her destiny in its cylindrical frame. And then she signed her name, for the last time.